

## In the Cleanest of Conditions

I'm still eating flesh and burning oil.  
I read books filled with revolution and poetry  
and I feel elevated into obscurity.  
If only I did not live in this concrete hive  
with all the mute humming and subversive dancing.  
If I ate what is right and sang what is good,  
if I could feel whole under the rain,  
under a sheet of grease-stained cardboard,  
perhaps then my mind and body would lash out at those things I do to kill it.  
I would keep time in my breast pocket and burn hypocrisy for warmth.

The autumn faced moon unnerves her and she reminds me of her dreams  
and hammer horror hallucinations. I remind her of the refraction of light and  
other people's sunsets. She nods her imperfect head and kisses me as if I  
have always been right.

I've become uncomfortable in my meat  
A doll formed from the plastics inside this earth.  
I weigh the pros and cons and struggle to find both,  
but it is inertia that keeps me here.  
And if I move it will be a free-fall  
into romance or a waking dream  
into an affair or her final resting place  
into revolution and poetry.

-Robert R. Monroe